



Just sitting here...



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Chapter 1 by Alex Garcia

James paused at the last few steps at the top of the stairs. Luella was there again, just sitting there at the top of the landing. She was dressed in an almost boring attire, plain colors draped over her thin frame, but somewhat pretty in a delicate way.

His feet had echoed all the way up the concrete stairs, so she knew that he was there. Though he stood there paralyzed, not quite sure what to do. The door that lead to his apartment floor was at the next landing, but he just couldn't walk over her and say nothing.

"You can go," her voice was unexpected in the quiet stairway. Her eyes were closed, realizing that she was just taking a nap or something, "don't mind me."

"Sorry... just... odd to see you-"

"Alone?"

"Yeah."

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"You have to stop coming here. This isn't your place anymore." James sighed and started to walk up the remaining stairs.

"Why do you always say that? You really hurt me when you say that. Don't you know that? I still love you, and I know you do too." Luella stood up and watched James walk up the stairs with a sad look.

"Luella, if you really love me, then why do you haunt me so? I loved you when you were alive and I love the memories you left me with. I do not love this shadow of you that remains to torment me." James' heart fell as Luella started to cry.

"You are so cold to me now, James. I sit here every day and wait for you to come home because I love you so much. I don't want to ever leave you. Why do you always push me away?" James stopped at the top of the stairs and looked at Luella as small tears fell down her flawless face. He gently put his hand on her face and cleared away the trailing tears.

"I'm sorry, but I have to go now. Please stop waiting for me." James lightly planted a kiss on the apparition's forehead and walked to the door to his apartment floor. "Goodbye."

"I'll see you tomorrow!" Luella had stopped crying and sat down at the edge of the landing. Harboring a heavy heart, James closed the door to the stairs behind him and walked to his door.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



James thought back to the day when Luella had first thrown herself off of the top of the building, like he did almost every day now.

Any moment, she would do it again. Anything to get his attention. Anything to get his love.

James wouldn't feed into her sick cycle. He entered his house after a few seconds of fumbling with his keys, and proceeded to take on his daily routine like a normal man. He made breakfast. He watched a little TV while his Cheerios became soggy and soggy. He did some internet

shopping. Called his mom.

No Luella.

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He wasn't trying to look for her. He was just looking for a way to get her body against the wind, falling outside of his window.

Had she finally left?

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